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A faithful Chief kisses the feet of Our Lady, at Cardston, Alta.

OUR LADY OF THE CAPE VISITS THE BLOOD RESERVE

CARDSTON, Alta.—The travelling Statue of Our Lady of the Cape honored the Blood Indian Reserve, Cardston, Alberta, with a visit that deserves mention, since the privilege was a rare one, and its fruits were both beautiful and edifying.

The statue, a replica of the original, arrived at the church on Sunday evening, April 30, at 8.30 p.m.

It was met two miles away by thirty parishioners in cars and fifteen to twenty men on horseback. The cortege was indeed impressive as it slowly approached the church grounds where two hundred school children with priests, Sisters and numerous other Indians were gathered, eager to welcome our Heavenly Queen.

At the entry gate the banner: "Welcome to Our Lady of the Cape" could be seen distinctly. This same welcome was repeated with enthusiasm as a voice from the loud-speaker cried: "You are welcome, dear Mother." Thus one greeting after another re-echoed from the throng while four men carried the statue to its place of honor in the sanctuary of the church. Ave after Ave rose to heaven as everyone filed in to find capacity, anxious to behold the beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Cape amidst lights and flowers, graciously extending Her hands in a gesture of motherly invitation to Her children.

It was Rev. Father Plaisance,

O.M.I., who gave one and all the verbal invitation to pay homage to Our Blessed Mother as he briefly related the story of Our Lady of the Cape, making special mention of the miracle of 1888 when the miraculous statue opened its eyes for a full ten minutes before three worthy persons, among whom good Father Desilets who had previously obtained a miracle from our Blessed Mother.

In 1879 through his fervent prayers, a solid bridge of ice formed itself across the St. Lawrence river, for a period of eight days, thus permitting the transportation of rocks and other materials from one side to the other, where a chapel was built in honor of Our Lady of the Cape.

Then followed the recitation of the Rosary and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament at 9.30 p.m. The program then proceeded accordingly: A number of St. Mary's School children assembled in turn to recite the Rosary aloud until 11 p.m. Groups of five or six Indians next selected their hour so that the hourly devotions continued every hour through the night until 3 a.m. when a Mass was offered for the conversion of sinners and the sick on the Reserve.

The reading of the bill in the new Indian Act has long been awaited and was the signal which implemented the edict of the North American Indian Brotherhood, to give leadership to the organized and to the unorganized by calling the greatest convention of the Indian Nations of Canada in Ottawa, commencing at 10 a.m., June 19 next.

The inter-provincial gathering of Indians will be held in the Auditorium of the Victoria National Museum where previous conventions have taken place.

The Indians will openly and in unity examine the New Act and together make their decisions known to the government.



A devout worshipper.

serve. Present at this Mass was a gathering of at least sixty people, some few who had remained in the church throughout the night. Communicants were numerous and continued to increase when another Mass was celebrated at 6 a.m. But it was the solemn High Mass at 9.30 a.m. which crowned the success of that memorable gathering, where grace worked its miracle in two hearts who, after 22 and 15 years, returned to the Sacraments and received our Eucharistic Lord, while hearts rejoiced in the Love of Our Lady of the Cape who granted the best and greatest of all cures by the conversion of two precious souls.

It was estimated that about two hundred communions were distributed during the three Masses and at different intervals.

Other spiritual favors were surely granted as this first day of May continued in uninterrupted prayer until 3 p.m., when a Holy Hour presided over by Rev. Father Plaisance reunited over one hundred hearts who sent up pleas to heaven for the cure of those sick in body. Thus the day continued between hymns in honor of our Blessed Mother and the Rosary, Her favorite prayer.

The closing ceremony consisted of the solemn blessing of the sick by Rev. Fr. Charbonneau, O.M.I., at 7.30 p.m. It was very touching to see the simple faith of our Indians as they approached the altar rail, some on their knees with arms outstretched, others on crutches, while the entire congregation responded to the Aves and

(Continued on Page 3)

Committee Recommendations Form Basis of Proposed Act

No essential change in educational policies

OTTAWA, June 8—A Canadian Press release reports that the new bill of rights for the Indians has been presented to the Commons for first reading.

Canada's Indians will be given a more active role in the administration of their affairs under the terms of a new Indian Act introduced Wednesday, June 7, in the Commons.

The bill, sponsored by Citizenship Minister Harris, provides that the consent of the council of Indian bands must be obtained before expenditures are made by the government out of the capital moneys of the bands.

It affects about 130,000 Indians scattered across the country. About 30,000 of them are in British Columbia, 45,000 in the Prairie provinces, 35,000 in Ontario, 14,000 in Quebec, 3,000 in the Maritimes, and a few in Labrador.

The measure, largely based on the recommendations of a parliamentary committee which studied Indian problems in 1946 and 1947, also provides for:

Registration of all Indians on reserves.

Residents of reserves who are only one-quarter Indian blood to be denied the rights granted full-blooded Indians.

Changes in the ownership of land on reserves.

No change in the enfranchisement of Indians.

Minor changes in the educational policies applicable to Indians.

Giving Indians the right to drink alcoholic beverages off the reserves, if the province in which they are located permits them to do so.

A complete change in the "descent of property" regulations and for the administration of Indian estates by provincial courts.

Payment direct to the Indian by the Indian agent of money payable under terms of a lease or an agreement.

Extension of the purposes for which government loans may be obtained by Indians.

Increase in the powers of the governor-in-council—the cabinet—to make regulations with re-

spect to health and similar matters.

Better form of electing chiefs and band councils.

No change in the tax exemption on personal property on the reserve.

Compulsory enfranchisement of any Indian girl who marries a white man.

In an interview, following introduction of the bill, Mr. Harris said that in the main the legislation covered recommendations of the committee, established to draft a new charter for the descendants of Canada's original inhabitants.

Many of the committee's recommendations were largely administrative in character and already had been put into effect.

It is hoped that the "minor changes" in the educational policies will not affect the basic principle of denominational schools; the proposed Act (sections 118 and 122) guarantees the freedom of religious education in Catholic or Protestant schools, either day or residential; this essential right must be maintained, not only by the letter of the law, but in the spirit and application of the law in administrative policies. (Editor's Note.)

Last Nomadic Indians Sign Treaty in Alberta

By JACK DEAKIN

More than 100 years of wandering has ended for the last of Canada's nomadic Indians—a wandering band of Chippewas of the Rocky Mountain House district.

Barrier between the Chippewas and the white man was broken down when government Indian affairs officials completed years of negotiations for the signing of a treaty with the tribe. The band is the last in Canada to take treaty.

In charge of negotiations was Malcolm McCrimmon, of Ottawa, commissioner empowered to sign treaties on behalf of the federal government. Also at Rocky Mountain House assisting in negotiations were G. H. Gooderham, of Calgary, regional superintendent of Indians in Alberta, and Henry Stelfox, known by the Indians as their "great white friend."

Mr. Stelfox, a pioneer of the Rocky Mountain district, was the Indians' representative at Rocky until three years ago and has worked for the Indians for more than 30 years.

Cpl. E. C. R. Woods, of the R.C.M.P. detachment at Rocky, also greatly assisted in the work of negotiating the signing. The corporal won the praise of all officials for his efforts.

Signing of the treaty at Rocky

was conditional on provincial land for a reservation. Settlement of land regarding the treaty was completed by Mr. McCrimmon, Mr. Gooderham and Mr. Stelfox following an interview with provincial land officials on Monday.

Independence of the Chippewas and their refusal to accept the white man's terms is steeped in history. It dates back to 1841 when the small band was forced to fight for its very existence against the more powerful Indian tribes, especially the Blackfeet.

Almost always on the move, the Chippewas have wandered through the valleys of the Nordegg, Brazeau, North Saskatchewan Rivers and east to what is now known as Red Deer. Over the years their existence has been difficult and at times they were near starvation.

For years efforts have been made by the federal government and others to improve the lot of the Chippewas, but always the independence of its chiefs and their councils has prevented signing of a treaty.



The throngs at St. Mary's Chapel, Cardston, Alta.

INDIAN RECORD

Directors: Most Rev. M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., H. Routhier, O.M.I., Very Rev. P. Scheffer, O.M.I., A. Boucher, O.M.I., O. Fournier, O.M.I.
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Editorial Comment

BETTER OFF IN CANADA

The United States Indian Bureau reports lack of medical services, a shortage of schools and general unemployment among the Indians of the country. Notwithstanding rapid strides in improving the aborigines' lot since the turn of the century, much remains to be done. The situation is much better in Canada, according not only to the official Government reports, but also according to eye witnesses who have travelled across both countries. Much more direct assistance and personal attention is given to the natives of Canada in every way, and the Canadian Indian is much better off than his brother from across the line.

A SYMPATHETIC ATTITUDE

The attitude of the Premier of Canada towards the Indians is remarkably sympathetic. Last May 5th, in answer to Mr. Diefenbaker's question, in the House, as to the proposed revision of the Indian Act, Mr. St. Laurent had this to say:

"I appreciate the tone of the representations made by the hon. member for Lake Centre (Mr. Diefenbaker) and the spirit in which he made them. Nevertheless, it is our understanding that the Indians are anxious to have this legislation brought before parliament. This matter has been discussed. The department felt it had all the information required for the drafting of the legislation, and that it would be desirable that the bill be given first reading and be distributed, and then that a sufficient lapse of time be allowed so that interested chiefs and other members of their bands may see what it contains and make representations. Of course, it is legislation in the interests of the Canadian nation, but more particularly, for the Indians themselves. If it appeared from their reaction to the bill that they would prefer not to have it adopted at this session but rather to have further discussions with them and further consideration of the legislation, their views would be given sympathetic consideration . . .

"I believe it would be desirable . . . that we should proceed with the first reading so that the bill may be made available, and then give it as wide circulation as may be desirable in order that the first citizens of Canada in chronological order may feel that we are doing our best to deal with the problems in which they are so vitally interested."

It is to be hoped that this attitude of the Premier will be reflected upon and reciprocated by the Indian chiefs in their future conventions; there is no country in the world where the natives receive more consideration and attention from the government as well as from the public at large than in our own Canada. The situation calls for continued efforts in collaboration and understanding from both Indian and white.

My Medicine Man Friend

(Author's Name Withheld)

I will call this friend of mine John. He was held in the clutches of fierce spirits, they had asked him: "Sacrifice thy son and thou shalt escape thy fate," showing him the horrible death which was in store for him.

Since the age of twelve John had associated with spirits; at first there were five of them, later, during his manhood there came seven more; it was after the birth of his first son that the spirits demanded of him the sacrifice of that child.

One day John came to my house, sitting quietly and silently, his head hanging, and sighing deep and loud. I had been recently converted to the Church, and I had come to the "parting of the ways," but we loved each other and we had been faithful to one another through good and evil. I looked at John and there was fear in my heart. John was a "medicine-man" in distress and I did not know what he would be doing next.

Staring at a blank wall, John's eyes were ablaze as he jerked up his head and said evenly: "Brother, I have something to tell you today. The spirits with which I commune have no share in the Land of Assemblage; they only live in time, between the Land of Assemblage and this earth." Then he remained silent while my heart ached and tears came to my eyes. There was no advice, no help I could give to my friend, because the devil had bound him; he already knew what I could say to him, God alone could help him. So, in answer, I said: "Haw, Ciye" (Yes, brother!).

It was not until after John's terrible death that I understood why he spoke to me that day, revealing the true identity of the spirits which held him powerless all his life. John had died, burned alive, along the railway tracks, in an unexplained accident. I understood then why John had chosen to accept his fate rather than to sacrifice his own son; he died with the baptism of fire at the hands of the evil spirits.

In Memory Of Father Hugonard

AN APPRECIATION

In lovely valley called Qu'Appelle,
Where old Lebreton still thrives,
Where many Indians did dwell,
Through short or longer lives,
Lived Father Hugonard.

An Indian school we there did build
In eighteen eighty-four.
The place of Principal was filled
And opened was the door,
By Father Hugonard.

Ten years before from France he came
To live by Lake Qu'Appelle,
An unknown lad—but now his fame
The prairies know full well,
Dear Father Hugonard.

To Indians and white men, too,
His services he gave,
Through wintry blizzards, not a few,
To visit many a brave,
Went Father Hugonard.

Regina, April 28, 1925.

Through days and nights with them he
Stayed,
And slept upon the floor.
And to our God he with them prayed,
No wonder they adore,
True Father Hugonard.

His heart was right, his body strong,
Such hardships to endure;
But yet there came, from service long,
Disease they could not cure,
To Father Hugonard.

In nineteen-seventeen he passed,
Beloved and mourned by all,
In memory we'll hold him fast;
He answered every call,
Did Father Hugonard.

A monument to him we'll raise;
To him and his great love,
And future years will sing his praise.
He rests in peace above,
Does Father Hugonard.

A FRIEND.

The Travels of St. Paul

GERALD TRACY, S.J.

The morning after the earthquake, the judges sent the police to the prison to tell the jailer, "Let the two men go." The jailer spoke to Paul and Silas: "The court has released you, so you may go in peace." Paul replied: "What? They have beaten us publicly and without trial; and though we are Romans, they have put us in prison, and now they want to release us quietly. Not at all. Let them come themselves and release us."

When the judges heard that Paul and Silas were Romans, they got frightened and came to the prison and said to them: "We are sorry for what we have done. Forgive us and please leave our city." Paul said, "All right." And he and Silas left the prison and went to Lydia's house. There they had a nice reunion with all the Catholics and encouraged them to be brave and happy.

The next stop of Paul and Silas was Thessalonica where there was a synagogue of the Jews. Every Sabbath Paul went to the synagogue, took up the Jewish Bible and from it explained that our Lord suffered and rose from the dead. "This is Christ Jesus Whom I preach to you," he said. A great many believed his message and joined the Catholic Church. This made the leaders of the Jews angry and they went among the gangsters of the city and started a riot. "Let us go to Jason's house where Paul and Silas live and bring them to court for trial," cried the angry mob.

The mob made a rush for Jason's house and called for Paul and Silas. But they were not in. So the mob took hold of Jason and all the Catholics and dragged them into court, shouting: "These two men who are setting the world in an uproar have come here, too, and Jason has taken them into his house. They are all breaking the Laws of Caesar saying there is another King, Jesus."

The judges and the people got all excited when they heard this. So Jason took out some money and gave bail for all who had been arrested. Then he sent Paul and Silas out of Thessalonica that night to a town named Beroea.

YOUNG CONDUCTOR



YOUNG ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR: Eugenie York, six, conducted Canada's largest rhythm band of over 300 musicians at a show in Oshawa, Ontario.

NORTHERN INDIAN?

There is some confusion as to the exact origin of the word "eskimo" although it is generally conceded to have come from the North American Indians living to the south of the polar regions. It means "people who eat their food raw."

Anthropologists agree that the Eskimos are one kind of North American Indian, both in blood and in language.

About 2,000 years ago the Eskimos dwelt in the forests north of Lake Superior. For some reason they migrated northward until they reached the Arctic coast of Canada. There they split into two main bands, one travelling northeast, the other southeast.

Gradually they spread out until today various Eskimo bands are found on many of the Arctic islands and elsewhere throughout the north.

A PAT ON THE BACK

We read with great interest and appreciation the fine advertisement given to the I.M. Record in "Katonik Anishinabe Enakamigak" which says that it is "Canada's leading Indian paper." Thank you, Father O'Flaherty, and good luck to your publication! Long may it live to bring to the Holy Cross Mission parish its monthly messages and news!

"Katonik Anishinabe Enakamigak" is a four-page monthly published in English and in Ojibwa at 300 Holy Cross Avenue, Wikwemikong, Ontario; price is 10 issues for a dollar.

An Indian Guide in New York

NEW YORK—It shouldn't have happened to a dog—but it did, fact to two pups. And it cost \$25-year-old Indian guide from Pointe Bleue, Que., \$25.

It all happened this way: M. came to New York on his way to visit his brother Joseph, Highstown, N.J., and brought along his two moose-beaver rriers—Pat and Bess, both less than a year old.

But right away M.P. ran into trouble. When he went to check into a midtown hotel he was told "no dogs." But the guide checked into the hotel anyway and took the two pups to a Times Square subway station.

There he "checked" Bess and Pat in a subway locker for \$10 a dime and went out to see the bright lights.

But M.P. didn't forget his canine family. He returned about 11 o'clock, took the pups out for a walk, gave them a hamburger and put them back in the dime dungeon for the night.

New York's sleepy Sunday morning subway travellers were startled to hear whines and barks coming out of the lockers usually reserved for suitcases and packages.

A subway patrolman was called. He called an inspector of the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The A.S.P.C.A. took the pups off their shelter.

Subway patrolmen stalked the shadows of the lockers, and when the Indian guide appeared and produced the key to the locker, they pounced on him and turned him over to the police.

The guide was held on \$500 bail until Monday's session of court. There he was charged with cruelty to animals. M.P. pleaded guilty. Said the judge, \$25 or 30 days in the workhouse."

And so late Monday afternoon M.P. returned to the city prison picked up his pocketbook and pounded by watchful New York cops, paid his fine, and left New York.

But M.P. didn't go without memories—and press clippings in New York papers carried pictures of the sorrowful-looking pups in the A.S.P.C.A. shelter with front-page stories.

OUR LADY of the CAPE

(Continued from Page 1)

partfelt cry: "Lord have mercy us, cure our sick."

If bodies were not healed, souls and strength to say their fiat, which is in truth a more extraordinary grace than the one asked.

An Act of Consecration read by Rev. Fr. M. Lafrance, principal of Mary's School ended the ceremony appropriately since it expressed sentiments of filial love and sincere gratitude to our Lady of the Cape for the favors known which she so kindly bestowed upon us. The Rosary pledges made by the families throughout the Reserve were also renewed and one could not help but feel Blessed Mother's sweet smile of approval.

With the "Magnificat" still ringing in each heart, one and all preceded the statue on its way to the blue and white trailer which was waiting to take it to Vancouver, B.C.

Thus ended a visit the memory of which will be treasured and kept alive by an ever-increasing devotion to Our Lady of the Cape whom we hope to possess in our midst through the donations of our Blood Indians who desire to have a replica of the beautiful statue in their parish church.

May Our Lady bless their undertaking and by her presence amongst us draw down heavenly blessings upon the whole Blood Indian Reserve.

OBITUARY

Thomas Anaquod

A very well known man in the Edenwold, Frankslake and Avoncroft districts, Mr. Thomas Anaquod passed away on February 27 in Lestock hospital, where he had been sent a few days previously.

Mr. Anaquod was born around 1870 at Missouri River, Montana, U.S.A., of full blooded Saulteaux Indian parents. He came to Canada, with his parents as a small boy, and settled on the Muscowpetung Indian Reservation, Appelle Valley, north of Edenwold, Sask.

"Old Tom" as he was commonly known among his many white and Indian friends, was an active leader of his tribe for many years while resident on Muscowpetung Indian Reservation. A pioneer in grain growing and stock-raising, retiring in 1930.

He recalled the signing of the Official Government Treaty No. 4 at Fort Qu'Appelle in 1874, being about four years old at that time. For most of his life he took a very keen interest in affairs of state involving the Department of Indian Affairs.

During the years 1936 and 1937 the Indians on Muscowpetung, Pasqua and Piapot reservations staged a huge pageant designating the signing of Treaty No. 4. Tom Anaquod had a very active part in the arrangement of this pageant since he supervised most of the staging. The entire pageant was staged in full Indian dress and proved to be a very successful undertaking.

Tom Anaquod is survived by widow and four sons, and over twenty grandchildren; John who is in the civil service in charge of the Dominion Government's conservation project at Carrot River, Sask.; Robert, Jos and Vincent resident in the Edenwold district, and John Jr. at home; three daughters, one of whom lives at Fort Qu'Appelle and two in Muscow, Sask.

He was buried in the Indian cemetery on Pasqua Reservation, and will certainly be greatly missed by his many friends. A large crowd attended the funeral service conducted by Rev. Father Ché, of Lebret Indian School, March 4th. R.I.P.

(Miss Sylvia Mang, Edenwold, Sask., Corr.)

DISCUSS INDIAN SCHOOL AFFAIRS



Father Frank J. Hulsman, director of St. Augustine's Indian Mission at Winnebago, Nebr., and Chief Robert Francis DeCora, recently elected to head the self-government program at the Indian school, talk things over. The Chief is assisted by a Tribal Council, also elected by the students. (NC Photos)

McIntosh, Ont.

Close to the lovely church on a rocky elevation above Lake Canyon, the Indian cemetery with its new fence posts keeps already many bodies of young and old. Sheltered by trees and lulled by the repeated warbling of birds they await in peace the promised day of resurrection.

The traveller is startled to see the graves of two Oblate Sisters, who laid down their lives to the Master while working for Indian boys and girls. Sr. Alphonse de Liguori died on Oct. 26, 1929, and Sr. Louis de Gonzague on May 8, 1945. They lie among Indians, praying for their spiritual and temporal welfare, to which they had dedicated their lives.

At times on some graves are noticed offerings, such as tobacco and money, which the departed may need on the new hunting grounds, according to the clinging native belief.

The Indians love their dead. A ceremony of pious remembrance is to take place in the churchyard this month before the Indians separate for the summer.

CORRESPONDANTS!

PLEASE SEND US YOUR COPY FOR AUGUST-SEPTEMBER ISSUE NOT LATER THAN AUGUST 25th.

THANK YOU!

The Editor.

Rights Supported

OTTAWA — Anti-discrimination laws and extension of full rights to Canada's Indians were urged in a brief which the Trades and Labor Congress placed before the Senate committee on human rights.

In its 25-page submission, the congress said education on human rights and fundamental freedoms should precede any legislative action. Within Canada's trade unions this educational process had progressed far enough "to no longer justify any further delay in the enactment of a bill of rights."

The brief urged enactment of laws against discrimination and recommended greater protection in the constitution for all minorities.

It asked for the extension of full rights to Canada's Indians and recommended that they be mentioned specifically so that the federal parliament, in discharging its obligations to the Indians, could not reduce their rights below the levels established in the constitution.

Camperville Gym Opened June 11

Official opening of the Camperville gymnasium and the unveiling of the War Memorial took place on Sunday, June 11, with hundreds of visitors and guests being present.

The day's program began with a High Mass in Camperville church sung by the Indian school choir; a ball tournament took place in the afternoon; blessing of the new gymnasium and unveiling of the war memorial took place at 4 p.m. The Band of the Lebret Indian school attended the function and played throughout the afternoon. In the evening a boxing tournament was held, and the climax of the day was a gigantic display of fireworks.

RADIO AWARDED TO GROUARD INDIAN SCHOOL

GROUARD, Alta.—A prize for an essay contest sponsored by the Alberta T.B. Association, a G.E. radio was awarded to the Grade VIII pupils of the Grouard Indian Residential school, last April 27.

A Grade IV pupil, Miss Mary Ward, received \$3.00 for a drawing in the same contest.

T.B. Survey

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—More than 3,000 treaty Indians in Northern Saskatchewan will be checked for tuberculosis in a survey beginning June 19.

E. S. S. Jones, superintendent of Indians affairs, has announced the tests will be made in 13 Northern settlements. The medical staff will travel by plane.

Treaty Indians in the rest of Saskatchewan were examined last year.

AP VOTE PICKS THORPE

NEW YORK—A recent poll of sports writers and broadcasters picked the Indian, Jim Thorpe, as the greatest U.S. football player of all times, recently. A graduate of Carlisle, Thorpe starred in 1911 and 1912.

OBITUARY

FORT QU'APPELLE, Sask. — Mrs. Edna Wojahunta passed away April 10, after a long illness. On April 19th, William Wojahunta died at Fort Qu'Appelle. Both were from the Standing-Buffalo Sioux Reserve. Burial was held at the Reserve, Father G. Gelinas, O.M.I., officiating. R.I.P.

CREE CHIEF GIVES \$2, TRIBESMEN CHIP IN \$40

Thunderswift and Mamon Duck—Bare Hair and Bouchie Duck—Amoosonee Keeper and Elijah Crow—and Chief Kitigas himself. Those are Cree names, trappers' names from the Family lake and Fishing lake district around Little Grand Rapids in Northeastern Manitoba.

Those names—and 41 others—were on a subscription list to the Manitoba Flood Relief fund that reached Winnipeg. Along with the list came \$42 in cash and a letter from the Hudson's Bay Company post manager at Little Grand Rapids, T. A. Retallack.

"It is the neighborly thing to do, to help others who are in trouble," Chief Kitigas said when told of the Red River valley flood disaster.

So, in pencil, the chief wrote out an appeal in Cree to his tribes-

men and fellow trappers.

"Written by Chief Kitigas to the people," the notice began.

"Me, Kitigas, wants you to know I am putting in \$2. I want all you men, the trappers, to follow me, to try and give \$1, maybe 50 cents or 25 cents and give the cash to the boss (the post manager) . . .

"If you help them out, you will have a good name for yourselves."

The chief's note was posted in the company store where no one could miss it. No one did.

Mr. Retallack was proud of the Cree's response.

"This Indian band has very little contact with white people and Winnipeg is little more than a name," he explained in his letter.

Little contact—but much neighborliness.

CENTENARY OF COWICHAN INDIAN MISSION

1950 marks the centenary of the Cowichan Indian Mission. In 1850 the first priest to preach Christian doctrine to the Cowichan Indians came to Cowichan, at the mouth of the river carrying the same name. Fr. Lampfrit, O.M.I., must have been a fearless man, one of those strong pioneers of Christianity who broke open the gates of paganism and cruelty to show the beauties of their Creator and the joys of fraternal charity.

In 1850 the Cowichan natives were pagans, and their population of 4,000 constituted a powerful nation which would use murder to rid themselves of their enemies and to enslave their wives. It is said that Chief Tzouhalem had 20 wives at one time and that Gabriel Tzulchamet could show to those interested, the locks of hair of fifteen people he had murdered. All this was not too reassuring to the Black Robe who was to be the guest of old Chief Tzouhalem himself.

Counting much on the grace of God and on the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, Fr. Lamfrit paddled his little canoe through the deep Cowichan Bay to land at the foot of Mt. Tzouhalem on a little point aptly called "Green Point." The reception must have been a friendly one, for a few years later when Bishop Demers, the "Great Priest," paid a visit to the Cowichans he was given a royal reception as far as the natives were concerned. Men, women and children pressed forward to the spot of the Bishop's arrival; they all stood in line as the great guest went from one to the other shaking hands with everyone; the best hut in the village had been prepared for their guest. Eight years later Fr. Rondeault, the first resident missionary in Cowichan, arrived in the land he would call his home for 42 years. During that long period of time this "noble old Christian," as he was called by Mr. J. N. Evans, M.P., instilled in the souls of those Indians a Christian spirit which changed them to respectable citizens and peaceful neighbors. The waters of Cowichan Bay have bathed the foot of Mt. Tzouhalem

for one hundred years now, since the arrival of the first Christian missionary.

Sunday, May 7, 1950, was a beautiful and peaceful day; a large crowd of 400 or 500 people gathered on the same "Green Point" to receive the Bishop of Victoria, the Most Reverend James Hill. The Indians, with painted faces and filling the bay with the echo of their war songs paddled their war canoes to meet their beloved Bishop and to take him ashore. Twenty dancers performed the "Welcome Dance." Chief Chuck Thorne, Chief of Cowichan, welcomed the Bishop to Cowichan Land:

"... the coming hundred years will make us a great nation if we stand for the Christian principles you represent here today. This, we, the Cowichan Indians shall do."

Followed the Tzouhalem Dance expressing in its frenzy the joy of the Cowichans of having their Bishop here. The Very Rev. Fr. P. Jalbert, Provincial of the Montfort Fathers in Canada, celebrated Mass on the very site of Chief Tzouhalem's Big House. After Mass Bishop Hill confirmed 22 Indians and 14 white children.

Catholics and non-Catholics knelt alike before the altar loaded with flowers knowing that more than an historical event was recalled there; a prayer of thanks was sent up to God by that large gathering of Indians and whites, a prayer of thanks for the great gift of Christianity. Facing the majesty of Mt. Tzouhalem and the peacefulness of Cowichan Bay one had to thank the Great Spirit for his goodness!

ESKIMO TRIBE TRANSFERRED

CHURCHILL, Man., May 4 — Forty-seven starving Kazan Eskimos from Ennada, in the Northwest Territories, have been flown by plane 130 miles southeast to Lake Nueltin.

The plane was flown by Gunnar Ingebrigtsen from here to Ennada, 375 miles northwest. Evacuation of the Eskimos, complete with infants, dogs and a few possessions, was completed Wednesday.

The Eskimos' plight developed from a change in fall and spring caribou migration routes. Larders were depleted and caribou skin clothes reduced to rags.

It is believed the first time an entire native tribe in the territories has been transplanted.

BOOKS:

"TRIBE UNDER TRUST"

This new book is a non-technical study of the Blackfoot Reserve, in Alberta, written by L. M. Hanks, Jr., and Jane R. Hanks.

It deals with the history of the tribe from 1877 to the first years of World War II. The book offers valuable information for the sociologist and the anthropologist as well as for any one interested in Indian welfare and administration. It can be obtained from Toronto University Press, Toronto, Ont. (\$4.00).

DAY-SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR 1950-51

Day schools for Indians throughout Canada will reopen Tuesday, September 5th. This year's Christmas holidays will follow provincial schedules, the earliest closing date being Dec. 16th and the latest opening date, Jan. 9th, 1951, a total of 33 teaching days must be obtained during the months of December, 1950 and January, 1951. The last day of the school term will be June 22.

Easter vacation will be taken during spring from March 23 to April 1st, inclusive.

This schedule does not apply to residential schools.

U.S. INDIANS CLAIM 1855 TREATY RIGHTS

SEATTLE, Wash.—They don't necessarily want the country turned back to the Indians, but the Indians do want to have the white man make good on the treaties their forefathers signed with Territorial Gov. Isaac I. Stevens back in 1855.

So they've retained counsel to fight their case, and some 4,500 Indians, members of the Snoqualmie, Skagit, Suiattle, Nooksack, Muckilshoot, Suquamish, Clallam and Lummi tribes, are going through the legal motions of getting on the warpath.

They expect to be joined by the Tulalip, Puyallup and Stillaguamish tribes.

Kenneth J. Selander, Frederick Post of Seattle, and Kenneth R. L. Simmons, of Billings, Mont., have been retained as counsels.

Selander said that by the treaties the Indians gave up title to the territory from a point south of Seattle to the Cascade range on the east; north to the Canadian border; west to Puget Sound, and including part of Bainbridge and all of Vashon Islands.

For this, he said, the Indians were promised reservations with 80 acres of land for each man, woman and child, fishing and hunting rights on the land they gave up; cash annuities for 15 years or so, medical care and school facilities. He said that actually they received only a minor part of this.

Two attorneys for the Mikah tribe said they similarly were "shorted" in the deal they entered and were filing claims for their Clallam county rights.

The claims will be filed with the new Indian claims commission set up by congress in 1946. This commission already has found four Oregon coast tribes entitled to \$16,500,000 for some 2,700,000 acres of land the government acquired through treaties 95 years ago.

LEGEND TOLD IN MURAL

MOOSE JAW, Sask. — Two murals depicting early life in Western Canada, painted by Moose Jaw artist and cartoonist, David Pyle, have been loaned to the Moose Jaw museum committee for exhibition in the museum at Alexandra school.

The pictures, measuring four-by-eight feet, depict a pioneer mending his oxcart with the jawbone of a moose, portraying the legend of how Moose Jaw got its name, and an Indian buffalo hunt.

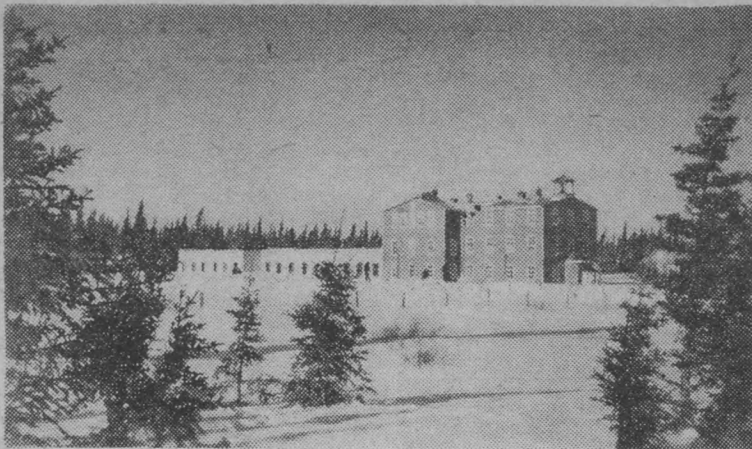
Melville to Go Back to Indians

MELVILLE, Sask. — Although they may not want it, the Melville Kinsmen Club is going to practically give Melville back to the Indians. This is included in the program lined up for the Melville annual fair to be held July 12 and 13. Most Indian reserves in Northeastern Saskatchewan have been contacted with the idea of bringing as many Indians as possible to Melville on these two days where they will be dressed up as the Indians of not too many years ago.

Gigantic Parade

They will participate in a gigantic parade and also they will set up a teepee town. Prizes are to be given for the best dressed Indian "brave" and "squaw" as well as prizes for the best teepee in "teepee town."

The Indians will demonstrate several of their ceremonial dances for the entertainment of the fairgoers. Exhibits of Indian handicraft will be demonstrated and will be sold on the grounds. Indian ponies should be in abundance with awards going to the best looking animals, and also prizes for several pony races.



The new Roman Catholic hospital and Indian School at MISSION ST. JOSEPH, MOOSONEE, ONTARIO. The Grey Nuns, of Ottawa, are in charge of both institutions founded by the Rt. Rev. Bishop H. Belleau, O.M.I., for the welfare of the James Bay Indian population.

Fr. G. Latour, O.M.I., Appointed at Hobbema, Alta.

On Sunday evening, May 21, a crowd gathered at the Duck Lake railroad station. It was a large crowd, perhaps the largest ever to assemble there. The band from St. Michael's Indian School was present, and so were all of the school's two hundred and some children. There were white people from the town and district of Duck Lake, and many Indians from nearby and distant reserves. The latter had come by car, truck and wagon—some of them travelling by team a distance of over forty miles.

All had come to witness the departure of the man that had served faithfully, for fifteen years, the Indians of the district, and who now was leaving for Hobbema, Alberta, to become the new principal of the Hobbema Indian School.

FAREWELL AT DUCK LAKE

Father George Marie Latour, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, came to St. Michael's Indian School on June the sixth, 1935. The next few years were spent in very active assistance to the failing Father Delmas, then principal of the school. On April 2nd, 1939, he succeeded Father Delmas as principal. It was the beginning of twelve years of energetic, progressive work.

Slowly but surely, the entire school underwent renovation and improvement. It was increased in size, the interior was made attractive and homelike. Wherever economy and necessity demanded it, modern equipment and machines were installed. The farm, too, received the same careful attention. In short, under Father Latour's supervision, St. Michael's has become as modern an institution as one can find anywhere.

Sports received a new impetus. Year by year, various forms of entertainment were added. In 1940 the first hockey game was played at the school, and, only four years later, the school team won its first district championship. Since then, school teams have won quite a number of trophies, including the "Loveridge Memorial Cup," emblematic of

Saskatchewan midget hockey supremacy.

In the management of the children, repression was lessened, and a greater amount of freedom was allowed. In every way it was sound psychology. It lessened emotional strain, and brought unsocial tendencies to the surface where they could be dealt with in the proper manner.

These educational methods had good results. The children found the homelike atmosphere of the school to their liking, and, as a result, adapted themselves more readily to school life. Through understanding and patient treatment, they became more co-operative, acquired greater self-confidence, and a sense of worth. In this manner the confidence and trust of the children was gained—one of the most important things in education.

The many things in which the children of the school have distinguished themselves, are proof as to the success of Father Latour's methods.

Though Father Latour's accomplishments at St. Michael's Indian School are many, too numerous, in fact, to mention, his success, perhaps, can best be gauged in the heart of the Indian—by the love and esteem that is held there for him.

FATHER CHEVRIER

Father Latour is succeeded, as principal, by Father Chevrier, a youthful priest, who is prepared to give everything he has for the same cause.

Duck Lake Children Bid Priest Farewell

DUCK LAKE—In farewell to Rev. L. Roussel, O.M.I., instructor at St. Michael's Indian School, 211 children gathered at the station on his departure.

Earlier in the day he had been honored by a banquet and special program conducted by the children of the school.

Father Roussel will be remembered for his untiring effort in hockey. Beginning only with a small group, Father Roussel began organizing and training, year by year adding equipment and talent to his teams, until he eventually was able to enter three teams in S.A.H.A. playoffs. In this he was rewarded when in the winter of 1948-49 his midgets won the provincial championship.

As supervisor of sports at St. Michael's he taught the Indian children the importance of clean play and gentlemanly conduct in victory and defeat. In addition to being supervisor of sports, he was in charge of the band and had a number of other duties. He was also rector of St. Ann's parish at Carlton for the past six years.

FORSAKE LACROSSE

Indians Turn To Basketball

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.—Their native game of lacrosse virtually forsaken, the Indians of British Columbia's north coast are working for a reputation in basketball.

Although they invented the sport which Canada adopted as its national game, the northern natives spend hours almost every day for four months practising basketball. They seldom touch the gutted stick.

Even in weather 50 below, they turn out religiously to get in shape for the annual tournament here.

The event, held early in March, is part of a plan. They're in town for supplies that time of year anyway, and the tournament provides a drawing card for buyers of their products.

Spectators aren't a paramount problem. Their families, which they bring along, keep the average attendance up to 1,000 by themselves.

From villages as far distant as 200 miles, seven teams converged on Prince Rupert this year for their fourth annual meet.

Across the Border

Help Our Indians, Too, Interior Secretary Pleads

WASHINGTON—The Department of the Interior urged the U.S. to be at least as generous to the American Indians as it is to other peoples throughout the world.

Secretary Oscar L. Chapman, in a report on Indian affairs to the President for the fiscal year 1949, said that although the 400,000 American Indians are progressing, many still lead crude, disease-ridden lives. He said:

"At a time when we are sharing our resources with other peoples throughout the world we should deal no less generously with the Indian citizens of our own country who have endured so much for so long."

Chapman pointed out that Indians "generally still lack proper education, health facilities, industrial and agricultural equipment and training, well as opportunities for adequate credit."

Poor health still is the Indians' most "serious deficiency." The tuberculosis death rate is about 212 per 100,000 compared with 34.6 for the general U.S. population. No improvement was made in the past four years, the report said.

Infant diseases and pneumonia also are big Indian killers.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs, meanwhile, reported a shortage of doctors, nurses and teachers for the Indians.

The bureau called education the chief need to bring Indians "into

the mainstream" of American life and pointed out that as of June 30 almost 20,000 Indian children are unschooled.

The Navajo reservation contains about 15,000 children school age for whom there are no educational facilities.

And although the bureau considers full use of the Indians' million acres as the springboard for their ultimate independence, Indians are leasing their land at a "disturbance" rate.

The Indian employment situation is critical. The bureau estimates thousands are without any means of livelihood, "either in the field of productive resources or marketable skills."

Despite continued government aid, thousands of acres of irrigable land lie undeveloped, other thousands are eroding, primitive farming practices. Countless Indian communities without roads.

Slightly more than 40,000 Indian families farm 854,000 acres of land. Their average income from farming was \$500 a year ago while the national farm income was about \$2,500, the bureau stated.

Vancouver Island Indians Entertain

The Indian Schools and Clubs of Lower Vancouver Island staged their second annual concert, on April 28, in St. Ann's Auditorium, Victoria, B.C. The programme was organized by the Montfort Fathers and was sponsored by the Catholic Women's League. Participants were pupils from Kuper Island Indian School under the direction of Sister Carmel Marie, S.S.A., the Tekakwitha Girls' Club, of Duncan, directed by the Sisters of St. Ann, in charge of St. Catherine's Indian Day School and the members of the Guadalupe Catholic Youth Organization of Saanich with the assistance of Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, teachers in the Tsartlip and Saanich Indian Schools.

His Excellency, Most Reverend James M. Hill, Bishop of Victoria, honoured the occasion with his presence. Among the guests of honour were the Archbishop of the Bosphorus, the Most Rev. J. Charbonneau, and Rev. Father P. Jalbert, S.M.M., Provincial Superior of the Montfort Fathers. Rev. Father L. J. Bradley, Rev. Father D. Johnson, Rev. Father J. Camirand, principal of the Kuper Island School and other Montfort Fathers from Duncan, Kuper Island and Saanich were present to make the evening memorable.

Audrey Underwood, a pupil of St. Catherine's Indian Day School and member of the Tekakwitha Club, welcomed the guests. The Auditorium was crowded.

Choral numbers formed the musical background for the short plays presented by the different groups. "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," by the Tekakwitha Choir was the opening chorus. "Beautiful Dreamer" was the Guadalupe Choir's offering. The Kuper Island Indian School Choir gave a very fine rendition of the "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman," and "What Way Does the Wind Come," by Eric Thiman.

Janet Paul and Joyce Moody, both pupils of St. Ann's Academy, in the "Fifth Hungarian Dance," under the direction of Miss Irene Nagy, C.D.T., showed admirable rhythm and skill while Ann Elliott and Mary Tom of the Saanich C.Y.O. succeeded in getting their wires crossed in "A Wonderful Recipe," where one tells how to win a sweetheart and the other how to cook a fish.

"Tekakwitha's Rosary," played by Christine Samson (Tekakwitha at six), Ann Elliott (the same at twenty), Marie Cooper (Flower of the Prairie), Philip and Jackie Paul, Golden Eagle and Daring Fox, with Dorothy Paul as narrator, was touchingly and dramatically presented. It was a colourful sketch of the life of

Kateri Tekakwitha in her struggle to carry the Rosary given by her mother, unsullied.

"Schooldays," with Louise Underwood, the teacher, and Theresa Ruby and Catherine Alphonse Sadie Johnny, Philomena Wilson, Janie Underwood, Audrey Underwood, Shirley Thorne, Norma Florence Pelkey, Joan Charlie Ida Paul as pupils, touched the hearts of the audience with their beautiful notes and showed the girls' ability to carry through a dramatic presentation.

"The Life for Mother" received its own merited ovation throughout. The humorous skit, given by the pupils of Kuper Island School, not only set the audience laughing, but commanded admiration and enthusiastic applause for its skilful acting. Martin Moore as Mr. John Neuhauser took a difficult role with satisfaction, seconding his family's efforts showing appreciation and affection for their mother, Margaret Phyllis Charles, suddenly famous as author of a book entitled "What a Life," and telling the story of her family. Laura Pierre, "Louise," Lilyan Antone, "Janie," while John Fallardeau and Kenneth Sam were Dan and Billy, younger members of the family.

Between scenes, a magnificent silver trophy, donated by the Tekakwitha Girls' Club was presented by the president, Janie Underwood, to Philomena Wilson, winner of the award for the April 23rd, Catechism Competition which was very close.

Dr. Clifford Carl, director of Provincial Museum, addressed the gathering. Highly interested in the welfare of the Indians, Dr. Carl was pleased to see the achievement in the field of drama and urged the young artists to take more initiative in all other fields for which their natural skill has prepared them.

Rev. Sister M. Dorothea, S.S. Prefect of Studies.

The Story of Ahsahwaince

I was born on Dec. 15, 1835. My parents belonged to the Pillager band of the Chippewa tribe. My earliest memories go back to the time when I was about five years old. My father one morning rubbed charcoal over my face and led me into a near-by woods. Here he spread a blanket on the ground for me and told me that I must remain there to fast; that during my fast I would learn the course that I was to follow in my future life. At early dawn each morning, he brought me a little food and water and I took this before sunrise. This was all the food and drink I received in each 24 hours. My fast lasted ten days. At the end of that time, our relatives and neighbors gathered at our wigwam for a feast. Among other things, I told them I had been advised that I would live to be a very old man; that my hair would remain black, even in my old age; that as soon as it turned gray I would know that my time on earth was nearing its end.

About a year after my fast, my father was killed by a stray bullet shot by a gambler loitering in our village. My mother was now compelled to earn a livelihood for herself, my little brother and me. In the spring she made maple sugar; during the summer she picked berries; in the fall she gathered wild rice; and in the winter she trapped muskrat, mink and lynx. Nearly all the year round she fished in our big lake.

When I was about 15, my mother married again and shortly afterwards I left home. It was impossible for me to endure the cruelty of my stepfather. I never saw my mother again.

Through an old acquaintance, Joe Wakefield, a half-breed who was foreman of a lumber company located between Brainerd and Walker, I secured employment for a time. Later, I found my way to Crow Wing, an Indian fur-trading post. Here I obtained less arduous work in a hotel.

How well I remember one summer evening. Some of us men were sitting outside the hotel. Along came the man who brought the mail to Crow Wing. He sat down and joined in our conversation. We were all in a jovial mood. He and I began to banter back and forth with the result that I bet him a suit of clothes that I could walk the distance from Crow Wings to Red Lake and back, about 100 miles, in less time than he could. He accepted the challenge; we set the date; and the trek began. I knew a shorter route and consequently I walked the distance in two and one-half days less time than he did. But he paid the bet gallantly and I wore the clothes.

It was during years of employment at the Crow Wing hotel that I became acquainted with Father Pierz. He invariably traveled on foot through the reservation, carrying his bedding roll strapped to his back. Frequently he slept in Indian villages. My admiration for this good priest grew more fervent each time I saw him. The first opportunity I had of speaking to him alone, I told him that I wished to adopt his faith. I remember well how his kindly face lighted with a gentle smile. He clasped my hand and said he would be happy to tell me all I wished to know. My acquaintances everywhere taunted me about becoming "religious"; but it didn't faze me any, for my mind was made up. The priest baptized me on his next visit and gave me the name of Joseph.

Off and on for many years the Sioux tribe annoyed the Chippewa by encroaching on our territory. Finally every Chippewa

This story is told by Ahsahwaince, Chippewa Indian of the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota. It was recorded in August, 1936, by Jessie Flanagan and interpreted by Ida Roy, his daughter, the Ogemawab of the narrative.

man was called upon to help drive them westward. We had driven them as far west as Devils Lake, North Dakota, when an order came from the U. S. Government that all hostilities had to cease; that violators of this command would be compelled to pay the penalty with their own lives. I at once returned to Crow Wing. I was back in the Chippewa country but I was carrying about my head the image of an attractive maiden whom I had met in North Dakota and I found no contentment until I went out again to find her. She belonged to the Blackfeet tribe, and lived with her parents at Grand Forks, N.D. Her father, a French-Canadian, owned a considerable quantity of land in Canada. Caroline Nadeau and I married in 1874. In 1880, we moved to the White Earth Reservation and that meant our transfer to the Mississippi band of the Chippewa Indians.

Here I made a living for my family by working for the Benedictine Sisters at the mission school. Father Aloysius, Sister Lioba and Sister Philomena, three persons who had established the mission in White Earth, were our most helpful friends. We were glad to be near a Catholic church.

My wife and I worked happily together. As the seasons of each year arrived, we made maple sugar, fished, picked berries and gathered wild rice. I supplied our table with wild game. In winter there was plenty of trapping not far from our own door. The woods also supplied us with fuel during cold weather. I often meditated on God's great goodness in supplying the Indian with everything he needed for his own use, and all of it so close at hand.

Our life, however, was not free from trials. I lost the sight of my right eye while mending a wire fence, the end of one length sud-

denly loosened and sprang upward, injuring the eyeball. Then our children were born to us, but seemed permitted to remain with us only a few years. One by one, the first ones were taken through sickness or accident. Later we reared two sons, and the daughter whom you see sitting near me. She was the first of our children to reach adult age. She came to us in midsummer moon. We were then living in a wigwam. She was so very precious to us that we named her Ogemawab, which in English means Queen. My wife predicted on the day that Ogemawab was born that if she were spared us, she would make something of herself. And so she did. Father Aloysius baptized her the day after birth and named her Ida. She was not quite four years old when we placed her in the Benedictine Sisters' boarding school for Indian girls at White Earth. After that she worked in this very hospital (White Earth) until she earned enough money to put herself through a training course for nurses. For years she served the sick as a nurse in Ancker Hospital, St. Paul, where she now is supervisor. She provided her mother and me with food and clothing ever since we were unable to do so ourselves. Her mother died 18 months ago, on the first day of spring, just as the Angelus rang.

If I am spared until the last moon of this year, I shall have reached my 101st birthday. However, my strength is failing and I have been on this earth long enough. And you may notice that my time here on earth is almost spent, for, though my hair is still dark, it is turning gray in places. I shall be happy to be relieved of this feeble old body. I shall gladly go to where my wife is; her companionship brightened my life for 61 years. I am just waiting now to go, and I am doing so patiently. The Great Father knows best when to call me. In His goodness He is permitting that I have no physical suffering. Some days I am not conscious of being here; I seem to be in a different environment. I see beautiful lights, beautiful flowers, beau-



Serene and without fear for the future, this typical pioneer farmer of the Red River Valley goes off to town for his weekly business trip.

'VIRGIN MARTYR OF 20th CENTURY'



Blessed Maria Goretti, 11, "Virgin Martyr of the 20th Century," portrayed in the official canonization painting. Pictured also are her brother, Angelo Goretti, 60, of New Village, N. J., and her mother, Assunta, living in Italy. Both will attend Blessed Maria's canonization on June 25. The new saint died July 6, 1902, and was beatified in 1947. (NC Photos)

tiful things. My weakness is extreme; but what is that? It will be that only for a little while longer. My good daughter will see that my old frame is laid by the side of her mother. And my soul, I know, will find favor with Kice Manitou (Great Spirit) who has cared for me over a century of years. He will guide my Ogemawab aright just as He has guided me. His blessing be upon her. She has supplied me with the necessities of life and is making happy for me the feeble years that are left for me to live.

Thus ends the relation of Ahsahwaince of August, 1936. The old man's life fell a month short of 101 years; he died in Novem-

ber, 1936.

When he was but two years old (1837), his people ceded their first lands to the U. S. government. Soon the area was opened to white settlement. Lumberjacks arrived in great numbers during his years. Europeans and their descendants lived at the trading posts and in the lumber camps. In 1849, the region was included in the newly organized Minnesota Territory; in 1858, in the newly admitted state of Minnesota. Negotiations and treaties between Chippewa leaders and the government, many of the treaties involving land cessions, continued from 1785 until the 1890's. Consequent resentment of many Indians broke out on numerous occasions. In 1867, the U. S. set aside a reserve of 36 townships as the White Earth Reservation.

and lettuce slaw, whipped gelatine.

Regular daily intake of vitamins and minerals is necessary to health. Daily diets should include, milk, meat, two vegetables, one egg, butter, whole wheat bread, and an orange or grapefruit or tomatoes—and don't forget water.

FIRST PUPILS AT McINTOSH

The ten first children to register at McIntosh Indian School (Ontario), in 1925, were: David Asin, Ovide Kijik, James Kepeskang, Peter and Pierre Loon; Annie, Charlotte, Bernardine Kepeskang, Mary-Ann and Margaret Isbester.

A typographical error in last month's I.M.R. is to be corrected: Father Camille Perreault was Principal of the McIntosh school until August, 1946; he was succeeded there by Father C. E. Comeau, O.M.I., who, in 1949 was appointed first resident pastor of Ebb-and-Flow, Manitoba.

Keep Budget Down And Nutrition High

Keep the food budget down and the family nutrition high. Plan menus days ahead of time, using as many of the plentiful foods as possible. They are cheaper.

Here are a few good budget meals:

Veal chops, buttered noodles, Harvard beets, rolls, butter, fresh fruit, coffee, milk.

Creamed corn omelette, canned peas, crisp rolls or bread, butter, cottage cheese and grapefruit salad, canned peaches, chocolate brownies, coffee, milk.

Spaghetti and cheese, bowl of mixed vegetables and green salad, French dressing, rye bread, butter, rhubarb, pie, coffee, milk.

Baked pork chops, baked sweet potatoes, béroiled tomatoes, mixed green salad, bread, butter, cookies, coffee, milk.

Saute of beef liver and onions, parsley, potatoes, mashed yellow turnips, bread, butter, cabbage



Chapter XXII

"Bad Medicine--Squaws"

IT was to be a long hard journey for Tegakouita, but she was accustomed to hardships and knelt in her canoe reciting and re-reciting the rosary of her Beautiful Lady and thinking of the joys ahead. The Mohawk was as smooth as glass under the dipping paddles of her escorts, who kept a keen outlook along the river, knowing well that their escape would sooner or later become known to Kateri's enemies, and that her uncle would be informed by messenger at Fort Orange, or upon his return, that she had been abducted from the village. They had been most careful that even the friendly Christians and the aunts were ignorant of the time of their departure, but there was that arrow shot into the canoe. Kateri had told them of Eaglefeather, but how did he know when they were to leave? And if he had discovered their secret, why not others?

"Better to conceal yourself," her cousin had suggested, scanning the shore and the river as the sun climbed high. And each day as they went farther along the girl lay in the bottom of the canoe, covered with the leaves and moss of her bed, with only her eyes and nose and mouth visible had anyone come close enough to see them. It was difficult to be so everlastingly still, and Tegakouita was grateful when evenings came and they made camp in a propitious spot.

Leaving her with her cousin one morning, the Huron paddled forth toward a near-by village to barter for some bread. Paddling straight toward him some distance hence, were Burning Eyes and several companions. That the chief was angry was evident from the fierce strokes of his paddle, and as he came closer the Huron saw how like a thunder cloud his face was. His heart quaked for an instant, but he skimmed on without so much as turning his head, and Burning Eyes did not turn his head either. He was not seeking a man in a lonely canoe. He was searching the water for several canoes with a squaw in one of them as he intended to search the forests if what had been reported to him at the Fort was true. And then — when he found her abductors, there would be some new skulls decorating the palisades of Kahnawakee. As for his niece — his cruel mouth drew itself into a vicious line as he thought how he would deal with her. Escape him, would she? Had he not been her "father" for many, many moons? Had she given him a son-in-law to support the lodge? Children to carry on their traditions? She had not. But she would.

He drove his frail bark furiously through the placid water, kicking up little spurts of foam as he glided along. Suddenly, as they turned toward the shore where Tegakouita and her cousin were camped a shot split the air. He paused a moment, then drew up his canoe with a jerk and concealed it in the undergrowth motioning his companions to silence.

Tegakouita and her cousin waiting in the dense woods heard the shot. "Conceal you quickly," commanded the brave, hastily packing his pipe, and seating himself upon the stump of a fallen tree with his gun leaning against it.

As silently as an eel the young squaw slipped into the brush, worming her way deep beneath huddled blackberry vines, straining her ears to catch the whispering shush of moccasins on the trail. Like true Indians, they had obliterated any sign of their own passing, and not a twig had she snapped nor a leaf bruised as she had followed her cousin into the forest to await the Huron Christian's return from the market. Peering through the dense growth as she had so long ago, before the coming of the Blackrobes, at the scout who brought the warning of de Tracy's approach, Kateri waited. Even her heart seemed to stop beating. Her uncle was a skilled hunter. None knew it better than she. Fearing even to slip her beads through her fingers, she closed her eyes and prayed silently — "Lovely Lady, my Blessed Mother, fold your shawl about Kateri."

Her cousin sat puffing away at his calumet, a huge dead rabbit at his feet, his gun beside him. A twig snapped. A feathered head appeared, and then the Mohawk chief was glaring down into his innocent-appearing face.

"Ugh," he grunted in friendly salutation, taking his pipe from his mouth and spitting with precision into the heart of a jack-in-the-pulpit. Then he returned to his pipe and regarded Burning Eyes questioningly.

"Wherefrom?" inquired the chief, not recognizing him, yet vaguely disturbed by some faint resemblance to someone he could not place.

The hunter waved his hand around in a circle. "Many moons hunt. No good be at lodge. Big trouble with wife. Better soon."

Burning Eyes grunted. "I big trouble also. Squaw run away — maybe."

"Ugh. Bad medicine, squaws." The brave spat again and resumed smoking while the chief stalked away toward Kahnawake, on the old warpath.

The little squaw in the berry bushes did not stir. And it was growing toward evening before the Huron and her cousin and she took to the river shadows again.

"Travel all night," was the decision, and Tegakouita, still trying to get her heart to beat again as it should, covered herself once more with the moss and leaves in her canoe and watched the moon come up and the stars winking into view, one after another, until the whole sky was lighted as with millions of pine torches, or candles like those on the altar of the little mission chapel. "My Father in heaven has lighted all His candles to guide me through the night," she thought happily, and watching them as they watched her, Kateri Tegakouita fell asleep in the swift-moving birch-bark canoe.

It was so far to the Sault. Along the Mohawk toward the morning star for a long time, until the river bent sharply toward the home of the South Wind, then abandoning their canoes they trudged long stretches on foot through vast forests; along the old warpaths of her people and up the now called Hudson River, to Jessup's Landing. Doggedly, the squaw followed the braves, weary at night, eager in the dawning. Sometimes she shot a rabbit, sometimes she only prayed and cooked the meals over their evening fire. The braves were kinder than those back at Kahnawake. True Christians, who prayed when she prayed, but were silent and swift and sure.

Then the paths led straight toward the North Wind, through shrubs and brush and towering trees, with wild grapevines and hops, dangling garlands, and sometimes binding trees together, along the river, far — far — far! And at last, with a whoop from the Huron and a wide-eyed awe from Kateri, they met the broad waters of the **Lake of the Blessed Sacrament** (Lake St. George). Silently slipping their canoes, which they had hidden on their way with Hot Powder to preach to the Christians at Kahnawake, into the ripples, the three travelers with a prayer of thanks on their lips went swiftly toward Lake Champlain and the Richelieu.

How smooth and quiet seemed the way after their course through the forests! How good was the God of all forests and lakes to have brought them safely so far! How happy would be their coming at last to the Sault — still far away, but coming closer every day! Closer every day, every shining hour, every tiny, bright moment.

As the canoes sped swiftly across the lakes and up the river toward Fort Chambly and the dense forests through which they must still travel (in Canada) to Sault St. Louis, Tegakouita thought much of her mother. More than thirty years before she had been brought over these same trails and waterways a captive of the Iroquois. How different was this journey she was making! Her mother had been going into a sort of slavery among an enemy people, but she, Kateri, felt she was, truly leaving bondage behind her, and her heart was lifted in a long **Te Deum** as wave after wave slipped past the canoe, bringing the last stretch of forest nearer for her eager feet to tread.

"O my mother, I thank you; I thank you for giving me life, for giving me your prayers. For giving me the desire to know the **Sign** and all that it stands for."

Her eyes grew dreamy, and presently she lifted her voice in song, and the men's deeper tones joined hers in her glad **Praise be to God** who had brought them safely — home.

Chapter XXIII

At the New Mission

LA Prairie! How often Kateri had heard the tales afloat among the Christians at Kahnawake on the Mohawk concerning the founding of the first Mission at this beautiful place, fertile and rolling of soil as it was alive and peaceful with Christian Indians. And now here she was passing through it on her way to the new site of the St. Francis Xavier of Sault St. Louis Mission. After all, it did not seem so strange. For the Indians themselves called this place Kahnawake also. Kahnawake! At the rapids! Her cousin (also cal-

led her brother-in-law) had been telling her that this new mission to which she was en route also lay close to the foamy rapids of Sault St. Louis. They had built, he said, a wooden fort, with bastions to enclose the church and missionaries' house and also to serve as a refuge from the Iroquois in case of an attack made by them.

"There you will see no one drunk from fire water," her brother-in-law told her. "Here you will see no vice at all. Only peace and prayer. And you need not fear."

"It is very beautiful," Tegakouita breathed time and again as they trekked along and her soul lifted higher and higher.

"It was another Katerie who helped to make the holiness of this mission," the Huron helped Katerie's relative along. "Perhaps one day our Kahnawake will rise to bless you as we do Gan-neaktena. Our first Katerie."

"May it be so," breathed Tegakouita fervently, holding close the letter given her for the Fathers at the Mission.

Father Fremin she did not remember as the third of the missionaries who had visited Kahnawake after it had been sacked, and she was not to meet him, for he was on a mission to France when she arrived at the Sault Mission. It was to Père Cholenec she shyly offered the letter, and he regarded her keenly above its brim, after reading the brief but telling message from Father de Lamberville: "Katherine Tegakouita is going to live at the Sault. I beg that you will be so kind as to take her under your direction. You will soon know the treasure we are sending you. So guard it well. In your hands it will be for God's glory, and the salvation of a soul that is assuredly very dear to Him."

Katerie dropped her eyes under the kindly scrutiny bent upon her but lifted them again gratefully as the good French Père spoke: "You are welcome among us, Katerie. And here you will find the joy of your Faith in copying that other Catherine of whom you doubtless will hear each day. So great and beautiful is her memory among us."

"I thank you, my Father," Katerie half whispered, vowing to herself that however holy the other Katerie had been, she would be so much the holier, to repay these good Christians and their saintly Père for accepting her in their midst.

"Now we must find a place for you to live," Père Cholenec smiled kindly, lifting his hand to bless her, and thinking over a list of likely lodges where this new Christian might be welcome. He must be careful of her innocence and also settle her in a cabin able to support a single squaw.

But Katerie's "brother-in-law," husband to her "adopted sister," interrupted. "Père, let my cousin come to dwell under our lodge roof. She is our relative, and she can be of help to my wife, who knew her mother in the moons of long ago."

Père Cholenec beamed. He had, like many of his confreres, been a teacher of grammar and rhetoric in his mother country, but naturally kind and sympathetic, he fell in love with his new though so much more rugged home. He loved all that was exalted and fine, and he gave his heart and soul to his little red-skinned flock which tried so hard to imitate the saintly souls of old, of whom he delighted to tell them.

In the lodge of this cousin or brother-in-law, for relationships were not always easily catalogued in this Indian nation to which they belonged, there was a woman who would be good to have near the new little Christian maiden. Yes, the Père was pleased, and he went with her to the lodge to see her well settled.

"My Father," begged Tegakouita, when he turned to leave the lodge, "my Father, will you not give me your blessing? And will you not teach me all the hardest things that the people of this mission practice? For I have heard that here all would be saints."

"You will learn, child. You will learn — if you watch and pray." He blessed her with his eyes as well as his hand and his prayer and left to walk slowly to the lodge where he lived with his companion, Father Claude Chauchetière, who had not been very long in this new, bold land. But he was a good man and fitted to lead a saint, if a saint this young recruit wished to be. He wondered just what Père de Lamberville had meant by his words: "But time will tell. Time will tell, as it always tells on saints."

Katerie found her new friends kindly and the woman Anastasia, who had known her own mother back at **Gandouague**, was more than pleased to welcome the daughter of her old friend. She resolved to do all that she could for her. To take her mother's place as far as she was able. She had been among the first of the Iroquois to be baptized and since then, at La Prairie mission and later at the Sault she had been instructing the catechumens and converts. This pleased Katerie. Everything at the mission pleased Katerie.

The Story of St. Christopher

Many hundred years ago, and in a country a great way off, there was a man who was called Christopher, or the Christ-Bearer. But this was not the name by which he was known at first, when he was only called Offero, or the Bearer. For at that time he was a heathen and knew nothing of Christ or of Christ's religion. And you shall be told how it was that he won his name.

Now, Christopher was very strong and was much taller than other men. And perhaps because of his great strength he despised those who were weak, and thought them unworthy to be served by the strong. And he determined that, for his own part, he would be servant to none but the greatest king in all the world; and when he had found him he would serve him all his life.

Now, it came to pass that there was at that time a king in the land of Canaan, where Christopher was born, of whom men said that he was so great that no other prince on earth could be as powerful as he; and when Christopher heard it, he made up his mind that this was the master he would serve, and, going to his court, he offered himself to be his servant. The king was glad and received him joyfully, for Christopher was so tall and strong that he was proud to be served by him. And Christopher was well content, for he believed that he had already succeeded in finding the strongest king on earth.

One day, however, it chanced that a minstrel came to visit the court, and sang before the king when Christopher was standing near and could hear what he sang.

And in his song there was much mention of the devil, that great enemy of man. And whenever the name of the devil was uttered by the minstrel, the king, who held the Christian faith, and knew how much the evil one was to be feared, made the sign of the Cross, that he might be protected from him. And Christopher, looking on, saw it and wondered. And presently he inquired of the king the reason.

"Wherefore," he asked him, "dost thou sign thyself with that sign?"

"That I will not tell thee," answered the king.

"If so be that thou wilt not tell me," returned Christopher, "then will I not abide any longer with thee, but will go to seek my fortune elsewhere."

Then the king, being unwilling that Christopher should leave him and cease to be his servant, told him the reason in these words:

"Each time," he said, "that I hear spoken the name of the devil, I fortify myself against him with the sign of the Cross, lest I should fall into his power and he should work me ill."

"Since thou thus fearest the devil and art afraid lest he should harm thee," answered Christopher, "it must be the case that he is stronger than thee. Therefore I have been deceived, for I believed that, serving thee, I served the most powerful king on earth. But since it is thus, I will go and find the devil, that I may serve him instead, and that he may be my master."

So, taking leave of the king, he went forth to seek the devil. Nor had he long to seek.

As he was crossing a desert place, he met there a great throng of soldiers, and marching at their head was a man with a terrible aspect, who demanded of Christopher whether he was bound.

"I go to seek the devil," replied Christopher, "so that I may take him as my master."

"I am he whom thou seekest," said the other. "I am the devil."

Christopher therefore, rejoicing greatly that his search was so quickly ended, offered himself to be his servant for ever, and took him for his lord.

Presently, however, as they journeyed on together, they came to a place where, by the wayside, a cross had been set up. When the devil saw it he was terrified, and suddenly taking to flight he turned out of the straight way into a steep and rocky path; nor was it until the cross had been left far behind that he would return to the high road and pursue his way.

Christopher, meantime, had followed him, filled with amazement, and marvelling that he had gone so far aside; and presently he inquired of him the reason of it.

"Tell me," he asked, "what was the cause that thou didst thus turn aside out of the straight path?"

"That," answered the devil, "I will not tell thee."

"Then," replied Christopher, "if thou wilt not tell me that which I desire to know, neither will I remain any longer thy companion."

Then the devil, loath to lose him, made answer, saying —

"Upon that Cross did Jesus Christ die. And when I see it I am afraid and take to flight."

"By this I perceive," replied Christopher, "that that Jesus Christ, whose Cross is cause to thee of so much terror, must be stronger than thou, and that my labour has hitherto been in vain, for not yet have I found that of which I am in search — the strongest king. I will therefore leave thee, and seek Jesus Christ, if so be that I may find Him."

So, departing from the devil, he set himself to seek far and near for someone from whom he might learn where was to be found Jesus Christ, the Lord who was more strong than the devil. And, after much seeking, he discovered a hermit, very wise in the things which belong to the Kingdom of God. And the hermit instructed him very carefully in the Christian faith.

When he had done so, the holy man spoke to him saying —

"The king whose service thou wouldst now enter will lay certain obligations upon thee which thou must take

heed to fulfil. Frequently will it be necessary that thou shouldst fast."

"Let Him lay upon me some command," said Christopher. "For this one I will not perform."

"He will also desire," said the hermit, "that thou shouldst give thyself much to prayer."

"That," answered Christopher, "I do not understand. Neither that service will I perform."

Then the hermit considered what labour it was fitting that Christopher should do. And presently, bethinking himself of his great stature and strength, he said —

"Knowest thou that river wherein so many who would cross over to the other side are wont to perish?"

"Yea," said Christopher, "I know it."

"It is well," said the hermit. "Now, being so strong and of such great stature, thou shalt take up thy station on the banks of that river and shalt carry wayfarers across the stream; and it will be labour very pleasing to Jesus Christ, whose service thou desirest to enter. And it may be that He will manifest Himself to thee."

At this Christopher rejoiced, receiving the hermit's command gladly.

"This is a work," said he, "which I will very willingly perform and I give thee my word that I will execute thy bidding faithfully."

So, leaving the holy man, he placed himself as he had commanded, close to the river. There he built a dwelling-place, and, providing himself with a strong staff, he constantly bore across the stream those travellers who arrived at it desiring to pass over to the opposite side.

After many days, when he had given good proof of his diligence and obedience, as he was resting on a certain day in the dwelling that he had built, he heard outside the voice as of a child, who cried to him, saying —

"Christopher, come forth, and bear Me across the river."

But when Christopher came forth he found no one there.

And again, a second time, the same thing befell.

But when, a third time he had heard the voice, and had once more come forth at its summons, he found standing alone on the bank of the river, a Child, who prayed him that he would bear Him across the flood. Christopher thereupon, placing the Child on his shoulders and supported by the staff, entered the water.

But the water rose higher and higher, and the weight of the Child became more and more, till it was almost greater than Christopher, with all his strength, could bear. And Christopher, feeling it, was seized with fear.

When at last he had crossed the river and had set down the Child upon the opposite shore, he spoke to Him and said —

"Child, thou hast brought me into great danger; and so great has been the weight with which Thou hast loaded me, that had I had the whole world itself upon my shoulders it had not seemed a heavier burden."

"Be not astonished, Christopher," the Child made answer, "for not only hast thou indeed borne upon thy shoulders the weight of the whole world, but likewise Him by whom the world was made. For I am the Christ—He for whom thou hast undertaken to perform this labour; and for a token that this is the truth, plant thy staff in the sand, and tomorrow thou shalt find it covered with leaves and blossoms."

So speaking, He disappeared and Christopher saw Him no more. But he thrust his staff, as the Lord had bidden, into the sand; and coming to it the next day he found it like a palm tree in foliage and covered with dates.

And this is how St. Christopher gained the name by which the Church has honoured him ever since; and also how he discovered who was the King stronger than any kings of earth or powers of evil, and became His servant for ever.

Spring of Tegakouita (Cont'd)

The little bark church pleased her and here she spent all the time she could, from dawn to dark. The surroundings were so beautiful, the earth so rich, the trees so tall, the river so wide and lovely. Oh! she saw God everywhere. Even in the wind and ripples, the birds flying over head, the rain that fell steadily and strong, the fog that hung low in the cold damp autumn days, the rapids that spilled foam about in abandon, to be caught up in the majesty of the river's broad expanse! God was here — God was here — and she was here — to adore Him in joy and suffering. In all things. In all ways to be His obedient, loving child.

The cross was here also. Tall and slender, on the bank of the river it stood guard over her and all the mission. And beneath the cross Katerie loved to stand and gaze at the ever widening banks of the St. Lawrence and the arch of the heavens above it and the verdant green of the islands cradled in its bosom.

"My Kahnawake," she would whisper. "My beautiful Kahnawakee." And as she prayed and dreamed, she sometimes wished that one day she could lie forever on this bank and praise God, as she praised Him now standing here beside the cross.

"My Father," she cried to Cholenec one day when he passed her praying here, "my Father, is this not heaven? Here all work. Here all pray. Here no one fears. Is not God good to bring Katerie to this place?"

She had in her hand a small bunch of late fall

flowers, and as she talked she fastened them against the cross. "It is a small thank you to Him," she said, and picked up her short-axe feeling once more the shyness of habit fall over her, after lifting for a moment for the good Père to see.

All the village had been watching her. Many of the soberest had spoken highly of this new Christian though she had lived here so short a time. She worked with a will, they told him. None carried home more firewood than she. She was as good as a brave in a lodge. Her cabin was blessed. Katerie took readily to her teaching and in a few weeks outstripped all her pupils in knowledge of God's truths and in their practice, besides. "I want to be perfect," Katerie had said on several occasions. "But do not say so for others to hear, for I am not very good. I only long to be so that the Lovely Lady, God's mother, will love me, and that her Son will let me suffer and be glad with Him."

She was thinking along these lines as she walked along the river bank toward the forest, where she gathered wood for the lodge fires. She was not feeling very strong these days, but nobody knew that, and nobody would hear it from her. So long as she could crawl, she would rise at four and go to the church to pray and to assist at two Masses. Then to work at lodge and forest — to do whatever was needful. And everything was needful to one who longed for her First Holy Communion day. Work and prayer — play too, of a sort, when necessary. Everything but sin.

Tegakouita swung her axe faster and faster as her thoughts ran faster and faster. She loved the

daybreak Mass, but better still she loved the later Mass, especially sung by and for the Indians, and as soon as she had gathered enough wood she would go again to the chapel to tell God all about it.

"You are too fast," called a companion laughingly across the wooded carpet of forest. "Look, you have three times as much as the rest of us." Katerie laughed.

"I must hurry," she called back. "God is waiting for me!" saying this she struck her tree a blow that severed it from its stump, but she was still smiling across at her companion, and did not notice.

"Katerie — look — out!" the cry came too late, the young tree had fallen and swept her to the ground. And she lay still.

"Is she dead?" she heard someone say as her sense returned, but she was still stunned and did not move but tried to think where she was, and what had happened, and what felt so heavy across her body.

Suddenly the weight was moved, and the blood returning with a rush to her brain brought remembrance also. She opened her eyes quickly and sat up. "No, I am not dead," she said in awe. "Praise be to Jesus Christ for preserving me!" And she knew that now she must serve Him more carefully and completely than ever before.

She rose and resumed her work, while her companions whispered, and wondered at her. For they saw a strange light on her face they had not noticed before. "That one will be a saint," they said, and doubled their own energy, which had been great enough and saintly too, in its way.

An Indian of Legend

Born "White Maize," an Indian maid of the Sioux, Mrs. Wounded Horse, 85, died March 20 at Wood Mountain, Sask. She was one of the few remaining survivors of a small band of Sitting Bull's people who came to the Wood Mountain refuge after the Custer massacre of 1876.

White Maize was born in the Porcupine river country in Montana, and when 12 years old, was left for dead after a raiding party of Assiniboines massacred her family — father, mother and eight brothers and sisters. White Corn and an aunt were among the bodies strewn over the ground and left for dead by the raiders. Some hours later White Maize and her aunt recovered sufficiently to take care of their wounds, and were rescued by their own people who had escaped the massacre.

Became A Legend

The story told by White Maize became a legend among the Wood Mountain Sioux, a legend told the young children to "always be kind to a dog, it will be your best friend."

White Maize's pet dog, according to the story told by Mrs. Wounded Horse, escaped the hatchets of the Assiniboines, and wandered over the field of carnage. There it found White Maize and her aunt. The dog left the field and headed to a point about 80 miles away to find there the friendly Sioux, friends of the family. The appearance of the dog caused some of the braves to go into a conclave over the "visitation" and they decided to return to the field of massacre. There they found the little girl and her aunt. They were carefully nursed back to health, and later came to the Wood Mountain district.

PHOTO PLANES GOING NORTH

OTTAWA, April 20—R.C.A.F. photo squadrons are getting ready for what may be the "last big year" in a 28-year-old task of photographing Canada from the skies.

The three photo squadrons, which last year photographed 859,000 square miles of Canadian territory in the far north and other remote spots, expect to be in the field within a few weeks.

Two Dakota aircraft already have left the home base of the photo survey at nearby Rockcliffe.

By the time the last plane returns here in the fall, practically all of Canada will have been photographed from the air.



★ Annie Cook is a little Indian girl who came a long way to attend school in Saskatoon. She travelled from Grand Rapids, Man., and came by boat to Selkirk, then by train. She is only 10 but this is her fourth year at the school, where she delights in making weird and wonderful pictures. (Saskatoon Star-Phoenix)



Aerial view of Fond du Lac, an old northern settlement on the east end of Lake Athabasca.

(Saskatoon Star-Phoenix)

Ojibway Wins Dow Award Swims 100 Yards Through Ice Floes For Help

Darkness had fallen over Lake Simcoe before the two fishermen realized that strong winds had separated the large cake of ice, on which they were fishing, from shore. As the gap widened, they shouted for help and, in desperation, even burned their fishing shanty. But no assistance came!

Tom Porte, a 25-year-old Ojibway, decided to act. Stripping almost completely, he plunged into the dark wind-swept water and swam 100 yards through the broken ice to shore. Piled up ice prevented him from climbing out immediately, and he was forced to edge another 200 yards along the shore before he could get out. Almost naked, he ran to a nearby boathouse and soon a boat was sent out to rescue his stranded comrade.

White Man Gave Start In Scalping Scientists Affirm

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Charley Grounds, a Seminole Indian, has asked Congress to remove from its halls a picture of an Indian scalping a white man.

Grounds insisted that it was not true; that the white man started the scalping.

Accordingly, the Association for Indian Affairs, Inc., made a review of the history of scalping. Researchers checked Smithsonian Institution publications as far back as 1910 and 1906 and came up with the statement "that scalping was not general among American Indians before the coming of the white man."

James Mooney in the "Handbook of American Indians" is-

sued by the Smithsonian's bureau of ethnology in 1910 said:

"Scalping was confined originally in North America to a limited area in the eastern United States and the lower St. Lawrence region. It was absent from New England and much of the Atlantic Coast region, and was unknown until comparatively recent times throughout the whole interior and plains area. It was not found on the Pacific coast or the Canadian northwest."

"Scalping in its commonly known form was largely the result of the influence of white people." George Frederici wrote in Smithsonian annual report in 1910: "They introduced firearms, which increased the fatalities in a conflict; brought the steel knife, facilitating the taking of the scalp, and finally offered scalp premiums."

Frederici said the New England Puritans in 1637 were the first to offer premiums for native heads and later scalps. The French offered premiums for white enemies as well as Indian scalps.

INDIAN STUDIES AT MONTREAL U.

Special courses on Indian ethnology, archeology and linguistics are given at the University of Montreal. Among the lecturers are the Most Rev. H. Billeau, Vicar Apostolic of James Bay; Father M. Jacobs, S.J., Messrs. Garry, Rousseau, Vinay and Michea, all specialists.

A Montreal Scout

A Montreal scout who has a contact man inside the CBC offices there has been telling us about the enthusiastic reaction received from abroad by the CBC's International Service when they broadcast a radio show about Canada's north country. Done in dialogue form as a talk between an Indian girl and an old trapper, it made such a hit with English listeners overseas that the CBC translated it for rebroadcast in several other European languages. Mail from across the ocean showed it to be popular wherever it was heard, but the most remarkable fan letter came from Holland, saying, "We are all amazed at the education you give to the Indians in Canada. Imagine, an Indian girl in the Canadian Arctic speaking such perfect Dutch!"

Bachelor Chief

NEHEMIAH CHARLES



★ Nehemiah Charles, Chief of the Amos Charles band of Cree at Stanley, has the unique distinction of being a "bachelor chief." He is shown here, on the left, talking to Jim Kirk, youthful Hudson Bay post manager at Stanley. (Saskatoon Star-Phoenix)

Her Life Devoted to Canada's Indians

By Margaret Ecker Francis

Reward of 30 years' service to others can be poverty, loneliness and hardship, but the kindly face of Sister Patricia of the Order of St. Francis Assisi makes you realize that her reward is far beyond that of comfort and a life of gain. Although offered retirement, Sister Patricia continues her work among Canada's Indians to whom she devoted her life while still a young woman.

Sister Patricia first appeared among the Indians of northern Manitoba where she worked day and night for 17 years. She was a nurse, nun and doctor to the poverty-stricken people of the Sautaux tribes, near Lake Winnipegosis. She was once called upon to fight, single-handed, a pneumonia epidemic. On another occasion she checked a diphtheria epidemic and saved the life of every case. The life of this lonely girl from England was a part-husky dog, Mike, and often the only white person she saw was the doctor who came once a year.

The Indians could speak English, when she arrived, and she knew no Sautaux. Since her work included teaching the children English, necessity drove her to make a lasting contribution to Canadian education. To advance these children until they could tackle English subjects, Sister Patricia wrote a Sautaux English speller and dictionary, first of its kind.

Other difficulties had to be faced. Often, when the winter freeze-up came too early, a supply ship from Selkirk could not reach her and her diet became frozen potatoes, cabbage, hard-tack and tea. To make her rounds, teaching and healing, she learned to row, paddle a canoe, ride an Indian pony, handle a dog-team, even cut a chop her own wood.

Sister Patricia is now in British Columbia's Cariboo where she will organize a school for children and work among the people of the tribe. She has bought herself a ranch of 100 broken benchlands overlooking Shuwasp Lake, near Salmon Arm. Here she will break her own land, build her own home and operate a boarding kennel for dogs when she becomes too old to work.

(Toronto Star)